

M A 640 d 45
CITY RAMBLE:

OR, THE
HUMOURS
OF THE
COMPTER.

As it is Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL
IN
LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS.

By Mr. CHARLES KNIPE.

Qui capit, ille facit.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. FEALES, at *Rowe's-Head*, over-
against *St. Clement's Church* in the *Strand*.

M. DCC. XXXVI.



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PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. BULLOCK.

WHat if our Author in his Farce shou'd
(make
A Country Justice turn a London Rake?
His Worship's not the first that has been found
An awkward Sinner, when he'ad chang'd his
(Ground:
Or shou'd a Saint a Compter-Rat be made
For Midnight Commerce with a Stroling
(Jade,
Or reeling home at an unlawful Hour,
When Tungut Vi&ler sits enthron'd in Power,
Why shou'd such Scenes the Pious Tribe dismay,
Since Zealous Lambs are sometimes apt to play?
Besides—the Poet, who desires to please,
And dreads your Censure, bids me tell you this;
That if by chance the Characters shou'd fit
This rambling Rake, that Saint, or sober
(Cit,
He'ad no such Meaning in his whole Design,
But wrote at Random for the sake of Coin;

That

PROLOGUE.

*That Money—that dear Friend might turn the
(Key,
And force his Keeper, Twang, to set him free :*

*Since this, fair Ladies, is our Poet's Case,
He begs from your kind Sex an Act of Grace ;
For if your pleasing Smiles his Labours crown,
The Men, he knows durst neither hiss, nor frown :
Your awful Beauty charms the Great and Wise, }
And ev'ry Poet, who on Chance relies, }
Is damn'd, or sav'd, by your commanding Eyes. }*

*We therefore pray no Contest may appear,
Or Party Feuds 'twixt Whig and Tory here :
Let no cross Hisses spoil a Prisoner's Cause,
But let Compassion move you to Applause ;
Since to insult an Author at a Time
When doom'd to Chains, wou'd be a double Crime,
Consider, tho' his Off-spring mounts the Stage,
The Bird that hatch'd it, sings but in a Cage.*




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Dramatis Personæ.

Sir Humphry Halfwit,	Mr. Schoolding.
Justice Hardhead,	Mr. Hall.
Ezekiel Prim, a Presbyterian Parson,	Mr. Griffin.
Abraham, a Quaker,	Mr. Pack.
Mordecai, a French Jew,	Mr. Knap.
Two Gentlemen.	
Constable, Watch, and other Attendants.	

Rachel. Abraham's Wife,	Mrs. Hunt.
	Mr. Leigh.
	Mr. Churchman.
	Mr. Walker.
	Mrs. Stockdale.

Twang, the Turn-Key,	Mr. Bullock.
Strip, Skin'em, Bounce, his Servants.	

SCENE, the Compter.



(I)



A

CITY RAMBLE:

O R,

The Humours of the COMPTER.

ACT I.

Enter Twang, Solus.

WHAT a Noise has here been about these damn'd Twenty Pieces! The Gentleman was drunk when he was brought in, and gave me his Purse without knowing any thing of the Matter, if my squeamish Conscience would have suffer'd me to have kept the Secret; but I must be honest, with a Pox! and refund like a Blockhead—What have I to do with Honesty or Conscience, either of them is enough to ruin half a Score of my Profession—My Father's Honesty had like to have cost him his Ears;

2 A CITY RAMBLE: Or,

Ears; and Brother *Jack*, poor Lad! was too honest to thrive in this World, his large Conscience brought him to an untimely End—And there's my Mother too, tho' she is so much a Gentlewoman, that a Tester will Bribe her to Cuckold my Father at any time, yet her Conscience forsooth won't give her leave to Steal, 'till she has nothing to eat, tho' she has her Trade at her Fingers Ends, I'll say that for her.—Man in this Natural Body, as the Philosopher says, knows nothing more near and dear to him than himself; and shall I for a foolish Scruple quit the Means of supplying this *summum bonum* of mine? —Don't I see our whole Family suffer for Conscience sake, and shall I, like an unthinking Rascal, follow their Footsteps and starve—My Master here I'll engage is a Hundred Pound a Year the worse for his Conscience; he can't cheat, nor he can't do this, nor that, which would injure his Reputation; I wish it does not prove he is too honest for his Place; if I can but shun that Extream, nothing can hurt me, I had rather be the greatest Rogue in *Europe* with Twenty Pieces in my Pocket, then the honestest Fellow in *England*, and want Sixpence to buy a Dinner.

[Knocking at the Door.

So here are some Chaps however—Strip, Skin'em, Bounce— (they enter and open the Door.)

SCENE

The Humours of the Compter. 3



SCENE II.

*Enter Constable and several Watchmen,
pulling in Two Gentlemen.*

Const. **B**Ring 'em in, bring 'em in, I say: What! assault me in my Chair, where I represent his Majesty's Person?

Watchman. Ay, and honest One-Ey'd Dick is kill'd, Mr. Constable.

Const. How d'ye hear that?

Watchm. Wauns—Sir, I saw him run away my self, and he would never run away as long as he could stand to be sure.

Const. No more he wou'd not, take care of him d'ye hear, they are charg'd upon Murther.

Twang. Ay, ay, I'll take care of 'em I'll warrant you, your Servant Mr. Constable.

1st Gentlem. Damn 'em for a Parcel of Rascals, I beat a Dozen of them my self, who are you Sir?

Twang. Hist.—they are plaguy hard-winded Dogs, and will swear enough without your putting any thing into their

4 *A CITY RAMBLE: Or,*
their Mouths. I am call'd *Toby Twang*,
Sir, or honest *Toby Twang*, by them that
know me, I am the *Cerberus* that Guard
these Gates, and take care every one
that enters pay their Fees.

1st Gentlem. So I must pay my Fees,
must I? Well, what are they?

Twang. No, Sir; You look like a *Gentleman*, I won't desire yours till you go
out.

1st Gentlem. A good honest Fellow Faith;
you and I will be drunk together *Mr. Twang*.

Twang. You must excuse me, Sir, I am
lately recover'd from a Fever, and I can't
drink.

1st Gentlem. I have drank my Gallon
of Claret every Night these seven Years,
yet the Devil a Fever ever dar'd attack me,
Damn it, I never had but one Disease in
my Life, tho' I keep two or three Sins on
Foot at a Time.

2d Gentlem. Prithee *Jack* go to sleep.—
We can have a good Bed here, I hope, Sir?
Since we have brought our selves into this
Scrape we must make the best of it.

Twang. Yes, Sir, you shall have very
good Lodgings. *Strip*, shew the *Gentlemen*
up.

2d Gentlem. I'll but see my Friend to
Bed; he's a very honest Lad when he is
sober,

The Humours of the Compter. 5

sober, and with your Leave will wait upon you again.

Twang. And welcome, Sir, you'll find me here, and I shall be proud to take a Bottle with you.—A good honest Fellow.—'Egad, I don't know but in a little time I may make my Place as good as my Masters; here are Two Guineas safe; I must pretend to make up the Matter for them with the Constable and Watchmen, tho' I perswade them to give a Crown, where half a One would do the Business.

[*Knocking at the Door.*]

Here, Here —



B

SCENE

6 A CITY RAMBLE: Or,



SCENE III.

Enter a Constable and several Watchmen, with Justice Hardhead and a Woman.

Justice. SO, So, 'Tis very well, honest Lads, I thank you; we are safe enough now to be sure; we can have a Bottle of good Wine here, and something to eat, ha!

1st Watchm. Yes, Master.

Just. There's something for your Trouble — A Plague! Had they told me their Design at first they need not have hawl'd me along; I don't want Forcing on such Occasions. — Come hither my little Water-Wagtail, you are very pretty, Faith; we'll have a Collation; Hey, bring some Wine, and see if Supper's ready; I'll bestow a Guinea upon thee, by my Honour. Are you our Landlord, Sir?

Twang. I am your very humble Servant, and extreemly glad to see you here, Sir.

Just. Do you know me then, Sir?

Twang.

The Humours of the Compter. 7

Twang. Your Person I have had the Honour to see, Sir, but can't at this Juncture recollect your Name.

Just. At Home, Sir, I am call'd *Justice Hardhead*, but in this unmannerly Town plain Mr. *Hardhead*.—My Family is very numerous, and very noble, and of the right Side too at present; abundance of my Relations are lately sworn into Commissions of the Peace.

Twang. I have heard as much—but Pray, Sir, how came I to have the Pleasure of yours and that pretty Lady's Company this Evening?

Just. By meer Chance, Faith Sir; I own I did not design it;—my Service to you Sir, [*Drinks*] why a Parcel of good-natur'd Dogs wou'd make us come in whether we would or no: I suppose they took us for Strangers in Town, and were willing to recommend us where we should be well us'd.

Twang. 'Twas very civilly done of them.

Just. No, hang 'em, I can't say they were extreamly civil;—the Dogs hawl'd me along, as if they thought I had been afraid of a Bottle of Claret; but the Family of the *Hardheads* are too well bred to flinch 'till they can't stand.

8 A CITY RAMBLE : Or,

S O N G.

O The mighty Power of Wine,
Thou pleasing Fountain of my Joy,
In you all other Blessings join,
Each Sense you feast, but none can cloy.
Thy Taste, sure nothing can surpass,
Thy Smell, no Sweets come near ;
Thy murmuring Fall into my Glass
Like Musick charms my Ear.
The Sight, your sparkling Brightness feasts ; I
(think
I feel a thousand Raptures as I drink.
For while I toast Corinna's Charms,
As if I clasp'd her in my Arms ;
The liquid Joy, without controul,
Falls Drop by Drop upon my Soul ;
The greatest Empire I'd resign,
Was not Corinna there, or there no Wine.

Twang. I must have no Singing, nor no
Noise here, Sir.

Just. How Sir, Noise ! I will sing, Sir,
and I will talk, and I will do what I have
a Mind to do, Sir ; I will make a Noise,
and a great Noise, in spite of your
Teeth.—Blood, Sir, I have Eight Hun-
dred Pounds *per Annum*, and will make a
Noise when I please.

Twang.

The Humours of the Compter. 9

Twang. Eight Hundred Pounds *per Annum* won't protect you here, Sir, if you are troublesome.

Just. How, Sir! Have a care, I advise you, what you say against Eight Hundred Pounds *per Annum*; down, Sir, down upon your Knees and name it with Reverence; Eight Hundred Pounds *per Annum* is not to be mentioned with Contempt.

Strip. Sir, Will you please to go to Bed?

Just. Hands off Villain! I am a Justice of Peace, and I won't go to Bed; I am the best Man in the Parish where I live, you Dog, and if you will come down into *Oxfordshire*, I'll make you as Drunk as a Fury.

Twang. Come, come, Sir, your Justice-ship must go to Bed.

Just. Where am I! What! will you murder me? Is this an Inn, a Tavern, or a Bawdy-House? Prithee let me have some more Wine, and a Whore; I have Money enough, and will be merry, but I won't go to Bed; I'll sooner go Home to my Wife, you Dog. Where's my Clerk? I'll sign a *Mittimus*, and send you all to the Devil.

[*They hurry him out.*]

Re-enters

IO A CITY RAMBLE: Or,

Re-enter the 2d. Gentleman.

Twang. So, Sir, your Friend is in Bed then, I dare say he won't want an Opiate to make him Sleep sound—You have lost a very whimsical Entertainment with a Couple that were brought in just now.

2. Gentlem. What were they?

Twang. A Country Justice and his Tit—The Justice notwithstanding the Government's Care to suppress Vice, was as drunk as a *Dutchman* before he engages. [*Knocking at the Door.*] Here, here, more Game Faith.



SCENE

The Hamours of the Compter. 11



SCENE IV.

Enter a Constable, and several Watchmen with Ezekiel Prim drunk, and a Woman in a Wheelbarrow.

Twang. **W**Hat the Devil have we here !
a Wheel-barrow full of Iniquity, and a Cloak full of Spiritual Pride ; a pretty Couple Faith ! Shoot your Rubbish Friend———Strip. give the honest Watchmen a Dram.

2. Gentlem. So, Sir, I suppose this is not your Fault, you are but a meer passive, and what you can't help you ought not to suffer for.

Prim. Thou sayest well, and it is somewhat of Consolation to me on this Occasion.

Twang. Come, Sir, tho' you have a Toleration for Hypocrisie, you have none for Whoring, will you go to Bed !

Prim. How ! dar'st thou defame me who am an Elder, a Teacher, and a Guide to the Godly ! Open the Door, I say, I command you to open the Door, immediately, and let me out, don't you know me Sir ?

Twang.

12 A CITY RAMBLE: Or,

Twang. No, nor I don't care whether ever I do or no— but by your Habit I believe you to be a great *Virtuoso* in this kind of *Natural Philosophy*.

Prim. I am *Ezekiel Prim*, known to the Righteous to be an Upright Man, but you are of the Wicked, and have no Fellowship with the Saints.

Twang. Hardly an Upright Man at present, Doctor, without holding—Ah! these Men of Sanctity are always the greatest Libertines in a Corner.

Prim. I told him I was a Pious and a Holy Man, and that I was in perfect Peace and Unity with all the World.

Twang. I perceive, Sir, you have been in Unity with the Flesh, but unless your Pious Endeavours to set all Mankind together by the Ears, is the way you advance Peace and Unity, I doubt the World is little the better for you.

Prim. Yet this Uncivil, Unmannerly, Unbelieving Constable would not credit one Word I said.

2. *Gentlem.* An honest Fellow I'll warrant him; Faith I never did in my Life— Pray, Sir, if I am not too bold, what might be the Cause that detain'd a Man of your strict Sobriety, to this unseasonable Hour with a Drunken Harlot.

Prim.

The Humours of the Compter. 13

Prim. Our Sister is not drunk, but somewhat drowsie ; her Heart, poor Lamb, is so overwhelmed with this unexpected Calamity, that she is as it were become insensible—Why, Sir, having no Business of Ghostly Importance, I was admonished by the Spirit, to spend an Hour or two in sober Conversation with this our Sister, over a Cup of Comfortable Comprehension.

2. *Gentlem.* You will excuse me, Sir, if I don't understand what you mean by Comprehension, 'tis some new fashion'd Liquor in *England* I presume.

Prim. No Sir, very Old, very Old ; I can't say 'tis intirely *English* Manufactory *ab Origine* ; but it has been very much improv'd here ; the Use of it was for some time almost abolish'd, but 'tis much in Vogue now, and I hope to see the Time, when it shall be as bad as Treason to speak an ill Word of the Comprehension, but I shall proceed to the Composition.

In the first Place, I take a Gallon of poor Passive-Water, (a dull, heavy, unedifying Element,) into this I infuse about a Pint of right sharp Independant Lime-Juice, which when mollified with about a Pound of Insinuating *New-England* Sugar.

2d. *Gentlem.*

14 A CITY RAMBLE: Or,

2d Gentlem. You stir about with the Ladle of Resistance till the Sugar is thoroughly dissolv'd, and so make Punch, ha Doctor?

Prim. Give me leave, pray Sir—The Sugar is of a loose Body, and consequently soon dissolves.

Twang. If all loose Bodies soonest dissolve, I advise you to prepare your self for another Station, for certainly your Dissolution draws near.

Prim. Peace Friend ; break not in upon the Connexion of my Discourse—Yes, with the Addition of one other Gallon of true, powerful Presbyterian Brandy ; it is what the Wicked call Punch, but the Saints with more Zeal call it Comprehension.

2. Gentlem. I perceive you don't approve of small Punch, Doctor.

Prim. Weak Liquor profiteth not, but insensibly decayeth our Earthly Tabernacle ; whilst that which is more Powerful, strengthens the outward Man, and maketh it more vigorous to pursue the Ends of our Generation.

2. Gentlem. Men of your Stamp are generally Admirers of the fair Sex, I presume you did not forget your Mistresses. Doctor.

Prim.

The Humours of the Compter. 15

Prim. We did Solace our selves even to the Exaltation of the Spirit, nor as you observe did we forget all the Daughters of Latitude in *Christendom*.

(*A Knocking at the Gate.*)

Twang. Coming, coming—more Customers Faith—

Strip. Show the Gentleman up Stairs—Come Madam, will you please to try if you can stand--[*Knocking again.*] Coming, I say--thou Notorious Strumpet; what do'st thou turn Puritan in thy latter Days, that thou may'st sin in a Sanctified Manner—This Quagmire of Nastiness has Debauch'd more City Prentices then she is Days old, and ruin'd more Livery-Men than ever appear'd at *Guildhall* to Poll for a Sheriff—Stand up.

Wom. So, give the Coachman a Shilling at the Bar—and let us have some Sparrowgrafs and Chicken—Hicup—Mr. Drawer—and a Bottle of Claret.

Twang. Some Sheeps Trotters, and a Dram of *Geneva* you old Whore—*Bounce*, put this drunken Whore into the Mouse-Room, d'ye hear? If she spoils the Furniture she can't do much Damage there; [*Knocking.*] coming, coming, coming.

SCENE

Prim.

16 A CITY RAMBLE: Or,



SCENE V.

*Enter a Constable and several Watchmen, with
a Quaker and a Woman.*

Twang. **Y**OUR Servant Mr. Constable—
I see my Friend *Isaac* will have
his *Abigail*, as well as the wicked, tho'
there is no Congregation to set their
Hands to the Bargain; you found them
in a Bawdy House I suppose.

Const. Ay, and in a very unseemly Po-
sture too; but of that I shall speak more
at large to his Worship to Morrow. Your
Servant Mr. *Twang*.

Twang. Your Servant good Mr. Con-
stable—Ah! *Isaac, Isaac!* I thought you
had always traded with your own Tribe,
and Whor'd with a Witness.

Abra. Friend; call me not *Isaac*, but
Abraham.

Twang. What is it Friend *Abraham*, hath
moved thee to uncover the Nakedness of
thy Sister? Seekest thou this Exercise for
Health's sake, or art thou mov'd to it by the
Agitation

The Humours of the Compter. 17

gitation of the Light within, since if thou holdest forth to Morrow, it may give much Advantage to the Shivering of the Spirit.

Abra. Peace—thou foul Fiend, I say unto thee Peace; defile not mine Ear with that wicked Member thy Tongue, thou Offspring of the Old Serpent, the Light is not in thee; thou art of the Seed of the Scarlet Whore, the Whore of *Babylon*—and I despise thee.

2d. Gentlem. Prithee Friend *Abraham* tell us, how camest thou to hold Communication with Iniquity? And why didst thou listen to the Evil Spirit of the Flesh, which hath seduced thee.

Abra. Flesh, while it is yet in its Infancy Beloved, is incapable of doing Injury, but when it is once grown to Maturity, it becometh sensible, and willeth not to live in Darkness;—then my Brethren, it beginneth to shew the Depravity of its Nature, for alas, how great is the Frailties of Humanity! Yea, I say, how great is the Frailty of all Mortal Creatures? And what Thing is there upon the Face of the Earth, my Friends, that doth not sensibly find the Effects of keeping Evil Company—At first I felt a certain tickling in the Spirit, and a longing Desire for I knew not what, Beloved—

C

but

18 A CITY RAMBLE: Or,

but when I had once transgressed, I was deaf to the rebuke of the Light within; which continually cried unto me, *Abraham, Abraham*, what do'st thou—Yea, I had no remorse at Iniquity, but became as one of the Wicked—Thus after a small season, I contracted an Acquaintance with this our Sister, and intreated her to enter into a certain Friend's House, and I went in and knew her; When lo! this friend of Darkness surpriz'd us; even when he was least expected, and forced us to this Place—but it seemeth to me as tho' I had taken too largely of the Creature, therefore if it may be proper, I would retire, that by sleep I may refresh the Outward Man.

Twang. Strip, shew the Gentleman to his Chamber; Good Night, Friend *Abraham*.

Abraham. Peace be with thee, Friend—Why waitest thou? Go; and I will follow thee.

Twang. No, Friend *Abraham*; Go thee first; she shall follow.

Abraham. Be it as thou wilt.

[Exit.

SCENE



S C E N E VI.

2 Gent. **H**E is plaguy loath to leave his
Mistrefs.

Twang. Hang him Rogue, he shall find
himself mistaken — What? Are you so
hot, you must have the very Ague of Re-
ligion to cool you ; Where will you be to
Night, ha ?

2 Wom. Indeed Sir, I am as well as any
Woman in *England*, I never was better in
my life, Sir.

Twang. What care I how well you are,
or when you were better ; Have you got
any Coal ?

2 Wom. Really Sir, I seldom carry any
about me, but I believe I have some at
Home, my Maid took in half a Peck last
Week, and I dare say they are not all
gone.

Twang. The Wench is a Fool, I think,
give me the Ready, I tell you, and go
to Bed.

2 Wom. Lord Sir ! what is that ? When
ever you please, Sir ; I am always ready.

20 A CITY RAMBLE : Or,

Twang What a Plague, are not you Flesh, or are you Mad? why, 'tis Money I want, d'ye know what that is?

2 *Wom.* Hardly, Sir, I have not had any a great while, but I expect some next Week.

Twang. You would have done well to have staid till next Week, till you came then. What, come to a Prison without Money in your Pocket? Pray how do you design to pay your Fees, and give me Half-a Piece for my Civility?

2 *Wom.* You shall keep my Scarf, Sir, if you please, till I can raise the Money.

Twang. Plshaw, 'tis not worth Half a Crown.—Let me see, I must have your Petticoat too.

2 *Wom.* Indeed Sir, I have only that, and one Flannel one in all the World, beside my Hoop.

Twang. Well, for this time, I'll be contented with your Hoop, because you are a new Beginner. *Strip*, Uncase her.

2 *Wom.* O Lord Sir, then you rob me of my Livelihood at once; I had rather part with my Petticoat than my Hoop; I sha'n't be able to get Sixpence, if I loose my Hoop; There is not a Prentice from *Aldgate* to *Temple-Bar*, will give me Two-pence to oblige him without my Hoop.

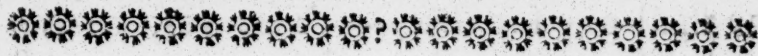
[Exit with *Strip*.

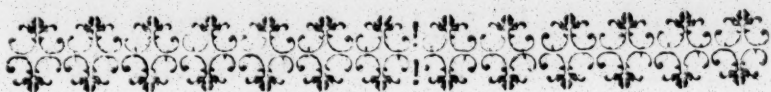
2 *Gent.*

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2 *Gent.* Poor Wench, Pray let her have her Hoop ; Mr. *Twang*, why are you so sharp upon this, and so civil to the Rest, who in my Opinion don't seem to have so good a Claim to your Favour.

Twang. Why Sir, I'll warrant you she has been a common Whore about the Town these Twelve Months, yet has had the Impudence never to come hither before ; the other are good natur'd honest Jades, and don't grutch to snack their Profits now and then with me. I shall teach her more Manners before we part. The only way to curry Favour with me, is to be brought in at least once a Week. (*Knocking at the Door.*) Haloe,—Strip,—Bounce.





SCENE VII.

Enter a Constable and three Watchmen,

H Aloe, Strip, Bounce——
Const. Here, here, take him in and his Lady—he is a *Jew* I dare say, he is so hard of Belief. I knock'd him down once or twice to convince him ; Yet he would not be perswaded he was coming to the Compter.

Twang. Hah ! my old Friend *Mordecai*—this is one of the Rogues that gives Cheating a new Name, and calls it Jewish Policy.

Gent. Is he a *Jew* then, d'ye know him ?

Twang. I know him well enough, tho' he has not been here this three Months, but he shall pay for that——Yes, yes, he is a right *Jew*, the Dog places the greatest Part of his Devotion, in being Nasty ; and thinks it gross Superstition, and a Dishonour to his Religion to wear a clean Shirt—where have you been this Age *Mordecai* ?

Mord. Whoring——

Twang.

The Humours of the Compter. 23

Twang. You need not have got drunk to make you more wicked then you are ; I dare say you can do nothing when you are sober, you are asham'd of.

3d Wom. Why do you abuse the Gentleman ? He is a very sober Man, and I am sure we have done nothing we ought to be asham'd of.

Twang. Yes, he is as sober as you are I see—What are you surfeited with Honesty in two Days ? And have you been endeavouring to wash away all Modesty—take her away *Strip*—Well Sir, you are mighty drunk I see—pray how many Mistresses have you toasted to Night and prais'd their Beauties that you never saw—How many Duels have you bragg'd of, yet never dar'd draw your Sword in your Life—How many Men of Quality have you talk'd familiarly of, you never had the Honour to speak to, ha Rascal.

[Pulls him by the Nose.

Mord. Aw—aw—aw—

Gent. Dont hurt the Fellow ; tho' he is a Jew, remember you are a Christian Mr.

Twang.

Twang. Hang 'em Rascals, they are the very Polecats of our Nation, that fright every Body away, wherever they come ; were I a Member of the House of Commons I would endeavour to pass an Act,
that

24 A CITY RAMBLE: Or,

that not one of them should be suffer'd to live within a Mile of any City, Market-Town, or Village in *England*, and if at any time Business call'd them to either, they should be oblig'd to perform their Quarrentine, before they were admitted.

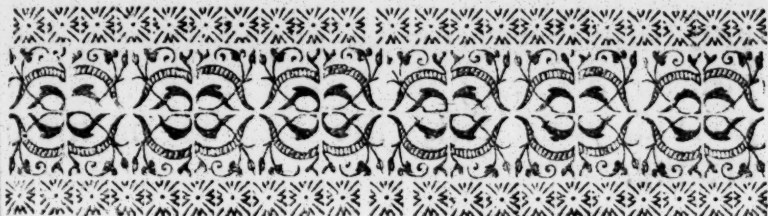
2d Gent. Turn him in, it grows late, you will scarce have any more Customers to Night——If you will oblige me with your Company we'll drink one Bottle, and so to Bed.

Twang. Sir with Pleasure, I shall be proud to wait upon you——

*Thus I by other Mens Misfortunes win,
And thrive the more, the more the People Sin.*



ACT



ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Mordecai Solus.

DE Contre——de Divile tak de
Contre——de Board so hard mak
breahe my Back——my Head — Oh—
me vish it vas off ——for my Back me be
sorre, but for dis rascal Head me be ver
glad, dat be occasion of all —— dere be de
Vindow show me de prette Voman,—dere
be de Dore let in de Vine,make me drunke
—Oh dis divile Head——'tis ver' good for
you—ave you no perceive alway, dat to be
drunke is attende vid some mal Inconve-
nience——last Veek you mak me goe to
Prison, you must be drunke, must beat
de Vatch ; dat cost dree four Pound ; now
you must pick up de Hore , and mak
come to de Contre——dus you mak
pende more Money as you get, mak
breahe

26 A CITY RAMBLE: Or,

breake my Bone, and now you sicke, now
you little forre, tomorr' as you be vell, den
you be drunke; de Divile take me you
go vid your felf, me vill be no more
drunke.

Enter Twang.

Your Servant Sire, ave you make de
Account of my Charge here as I desire?



SCENE

SCENE II.

Twang. **Y**Our most obedient—exactly
Sir to a Farthing; I have
omitted nothing.

Mord. Lette me hear de Particular.

Twang. You shall Sir—(*Pulls out a Bill and reads*)—*Imprimis* for my Civility, one Pound.

Mord. Ver deer indeed—ver deer—how
much is dat by de Ounce Maistre Twang?

Twang. Blood Sir! I can be as rough as
another if I please, I don't care whether
you give me a Farthing or no.

Mord. I but jest Maistre Twang, 'tis ver
good, avance

Twang. 'Tis well 'tis—*Item*, for making
it up with the Constable and Watchmen,
ten Shillings—To the Justice and his Clerk
to prevent your being bound over to the
Peace, Six and eight Pence.

Mord. Den I muste be discharge Mai-
stre Twang?

Twang. Yes, yes, if you speak Rea-
son—*Item*, for beating me last Night when
you were brought in; and for prevailing
with me not to swear an Assault against
you,

28 A CITY RAMBLE: Or,

you, one Pound. I abate you ten Shillings of the common Price, which you ought to take as a Favour.

Mord. I no remember to beat you, make it so cheep as you can Maistre *Twang*.

Twang. I have set down the very lowest—*Item*, for tearing my black Coat, Ten Shillings.

Mord. Black Coat, vat black Coat, I've see no Coat but dis.

Twang. Pho—you were drunk I tell you and don't know what you did—*Item*, for tearing a great Hole in the Coller of my Shirt, and rendring it unfit for use—

Mord. Dat vil make greate Hole in my Pocket I doubt.

Twang. Five Shillings——And for my Neckcloath, Six and eight Pence.

Mord. Oh Maistre *Twang* dat is too deer.

Twang. Faith *Mordecai* it cost me Three and Sixpence not quite four Months ago; I hope you will let me get something by you—come I'll take but a Crown—*Item*, for being drunk Ten Shillings.

Mord. Ten Shilling Maistre *Twang*, begar it be but Five Shilling to de Justace.

Twang. Why, dy'e see now, tho' you are never so much a Friend you will hardly be thank'd for your Pains—What, you have a Mind to be expos'd? Tell the Justice you were drunk, and pay the five Shillings

The Humours of the Compter. 29

Shillings to him if you please—I do this I tell you, to prevent your being blown, the Justice shall know nothing of the Matter—*Item*, to my Master for his Fees and Lodging fifteen Shillings and six Pence—*Item*, for my strict Attendance, and extraordinary Trouble in the Affair, to unavoidable Contingencies, and casual Expences to Watchmen and others, in all nineteen Shillings and four Pence; the Sum Total, abating one and eight Pence for the Neckcloath, is six Pounds, one Shilling, and six Pence.

Mord. Ver cheep begar for de naste Hore, if it coste me noting more to de Doctore—valk in Sire I give you de Mone.
[*Exeunt.*]



D

SCENE



SCENE III.

Enter the two Gentlemen.

2 Gent. **W**ELL, when are you for
tother Ramble? What
think you of this City Adventure; is it
not somewhat Comical.

1 Gent. No faith, very Tragical, I dare
say my Sides will mourn for it this half
Year.

2 Gent. How did you like your Lodg-
ings?

1 Gent. Rot their Lodgings, I was drunk
enough to sleep any where, but I think
the Bed I lay in had no Curtains.

2 Gent. That was not altogether so a-
greeable as a pretty Woman without Stays,
ha Jack?

1 Gent. Much at one to me last Night
faith—but what will be the end of this
Affair?

2 Gent. Here comes one will inform us,
we must advise with him—Your Servant
Mr. Twang.

Enter

The Humours of the Compter. 31

Enter Twang.

Twang. Good Morrow Gentlemen —
Egad you laid about you stoutly last Night, yonder is a Crowd of Watchmen without, some with broken Heads, others with broken Lanthorns; they all threaten to swear a thousand Oaths against you; that will cost you fifty Pounds at least, unless you choose to sit about a Month in the Stocks.

2 *Gent.* Well, what is to be done?

Twang. Why, you must tip them something to stop their Mouths, an Ounce a Piece will make them as humble as Spaniels; they will do, or say, or swear any Thing you bid 'em.

2 *Gent.* We leave it to your Management Mr. *Twang*, pray call them in.

Twang. Holo Strip—send in the Watchmen that brought in the two Rats last Night.

1 *Gent.* What d'ye mean by Rats Mr. *Twang*, we speak of the Watchmen who brought us in.

Twang. At present Gentlemen you are two Rats; Women brought in by Constables with us are called Mice, and Men are distinguish'd by the Name of Rats.

D 2

1 *Gent.*

32 A CITY RAMBLE : Or,

1 *Gent.* Pardon me I was unacquainted with your Terms—— Well honest Watchmen what's the Matter.

1 *Watch.* Matter——Matter enough I think —— You have broke the King's Peace —— my Head, and my Lanthorn, several of my Bones too are misplac'd I believe, for they ake consumedly.

2 *Watch.* My Lanthorn too is broke all to pieces, and two of my Teeth knock'd out ; I had but three in my Head——we are all ready to swear a thousand Oaths against you, and Curses without Number.

3 *Watch.* My Head is broke too——

4 *Watch.* And so is my Lanthorn.

[They change a black Patch and a broken Lanthorn round from one Watchman to another, who all say the same.]

2 *Gent.* VVhat is become of the Man 'twas said was kill'd last Night ?

1 *Watch.* I am the Man—and to be sure I thought I was dead, till my Wife satisfied me I had never a Hole through my Body ; but however we both concluded I was frighted out of my Wits for some Time ; and what could a poor Man do without his Senses.

2 *Watch.* As you say Neighbour no Body would beg him for a Fool.

1 *Watch.* At last I had such Agonings, and such shaking Fits, for near four Hours, that

The Humours of the Compter. 33

that poor *Joan* call'd up several of her Neighbours, who are ready to testify they could have sworn I had been light-headed, and in an Agoe.

2. *Gentlem.* Pray Mr. *Twang* give these honest Fellows, what you think a reasonable Satisfaction for the Damage we have done them, we will be accountable.

Twang. I will Sir——Go out I'll come to you.

2. *Gentlem.* 'Tis very odd, this Faith, and very whimsical—You have not often Things of this Nature happen I suppose.

Twang. Few Nights pass Sir; without something altogether as particular.

2 *Gentlem.* I am surpriz'd how you do to hit the different Extreame of Peoples Humours when they are drunk; there are few brought in here who are not so?

Twang. Very few; now and then an honest Whore-master——Why Sir I generally feel their Pulse over a Bottle before I pretend to prescribe, if we dont hit it, then I rough a little, sometimes coaks, sometimes I sower, and sometimes I sweeten; if the Patient is of a grave phlegmatick Complexion, then I have a Touch at Politicks or Religion; if we disagree upon either of those Heads, then I Bullv, that is my last Refuge——Thus Gentlemen *Toby Twang* the Rougher, keeps *Toby*

34 A CITY RAMBLE: Or,

Twang the Coakser, and *Toby Twang* the Sowerer, keeps *Toby Twang* the Sweetner, but *Toby Twang* the Bully, keeps the Coakser, Sowerer, Sweetner, and altogether, Egad.

2 *Gentlem.* I presume the difference of Opinions or Professions, does not give Men a greater or less Share to your Favours?

Twang. As to Opinions, I think every one that has a Conscience ought to be directed by it; and tho' I have none, yet there may be some that have; but for Professions, I own there are two, which thank my Stars I have always been so circumspect as to endeavour to oblige.

2 *Gentlem.* Which are they pray? If we are not too curious, I'll promise for my self and my Friend will keep the Secret.

Twang. You look like Gentlemen and I'll oblige you——Why Sir, Physick and the Law, are the two; as I have ever from my Cradle had a particular Regard to the wellfare of my Body, so I always consider that it may be in both their Powers to revenge their Quarrels upon my Carcase.

2 *Gentlem.* In what Manner prithee can either of them hurt you?

Twang. The Physician whom this leud unwholsome Age often obliges me to make use of may kill me with one——Pill;
and

The Humours of the Compter. 35

and the Lawyer may hang me should I appear before him, and he be made a Judge.

1 Gentlem. Ha, ha, ha; very well judg'd faith.

Twang. I'll tell you Sir——last Night I had a retailer of Penny-Custards, and a Poet brought in: The Poet indeed hapned to be the best dress'd of the Two, and look'd somewhat the most like a Gentleman; but the Mechanick——

1 Gentlem. You drub'd for not having Money enough to pay his Fees, ha?

Twang. No Sir; quite the contrary, they had neither of them any Money; however, I laid him in a very good Bed.

2 Gentlem. And how did you dispose of the Poet?

Twang. I lock'd him up in the Hole all Night, where he had nothing to rest his Bones upon but an empty Coffin.

1 Gentlem. That was extreemly hard upon the poor Gentleman, and I think a little partial too Mr. *Twang.*

Twang. Not at all Sir; 'twas pure Policy: The Custard-Man I was inform'd had pick'd up a few Pence in Trade, design'd to lay down his Wheelbarrow and take a Shop, which immediately you know Sir qualifies him for a Constable, in Time perhaps he may be the best Man in the City; then no doubt he will remember
the

36 A CITY RAMBLE: Or,

the Favour——The Poet I am sure can do me no Injury, for I dare say the whole Fraternity has not produc'd either Lord-Mayor, Sheriff, Common-council-man, or so much as a Constable since the Conquest.

2 *Gentlem.* I perceive a Poet that falls into your Clutches, has little Friendship to expect from you.

Twang. Hang 'em Rogues, I hate them, ever since one of them burlesqued my Government—but to proceed——Thus Sir, you may perceive there is not a Potentate in Europe walks more by the refin'd Rules of Policy than my self.

2 *Gentlem.* But Friend *Twang*, the World you know is a little peevish and censorious too, upon People of your Function, prithee be free, and tell me what share of Reputation have you preserv'd amongst these Difficulties.

Twang. Why Sir, like a certain very pretty Lady about Seventeen, of my Acquaintance, I had at first some squeamish apprehensions of Honour, but in less than a Twelve-month I lost my Maidenhead, and like her, I own can repeat it now without remorse. Those that know me only by my Character, I believe think me a Rascal, yet nevertheless amongst my Acquaintance I retain the Title of Honest *Toby*.

Strip.

The Humours of the Compter. 37

Enter Strip.

Strip. The Prisoners are all carried down to Sir *Humphry's* except the *Jew*, and these Gentlemen; he desires you would be as expeditious as you can ——— and that you would not make up all the Causes, but leave some to be Bound over———

[*Apart to Twang.*

Twang. Very well——do you take the *Jew* down, I'll wait upon these Gentlemen my self.

[*Exit Strip.*

2 *Gent.* Who is this we are to go before, Sir *Humphry Halfwit*?

Twang. Yes Sir——Knight, Alderman, and Cuckold of *London*—— but we'll beg his Worships Patience if you please Gentlemen, while we take a small Whet this Morning.

1 *Gentlem.* With all my Heart, Alloon's.

[*Exeunt.*



SCENE



SCENE IV.

The Scene changes, and discovers a Room in Sir Humphry Halfwit's House, a Table, Cover'd with Standishes, and a great Chair set for Sir Humphry. Justice Hardhead, Ezekiel, Prim, Abraham, The four Women and two Men, their Friends, Strip, Bounce, and others.

Justice. **W**HY this was a Bite upon us, my Dear, a downright Juggle of that Rogue the Constable's, to get our Money: but I'll bite the Biter, 'faith he shan't have a Farthing.

1st Wom. You must give him something, indeed Sir: The Justice is a harsh Man, and if the Constable has not a Fee, we shall be both Bound over.

Justice. No, no Child; I am a Justice as well as himself, he can't hurt me; We Justices are *Prima facie*, the Law it self; the Law is Subservient to our Interest, and

The Humours of the Compter. 39

and we can twist, or turn the Law as we please.

Abra. What sayest thou of the Law, Speakest thou of the Old, or of the New Law?

Iust. I speak of a Law that tells me you ought to be sent to the House of Correction, and I do hereby Commit thee.

[*Strikes him.*]

Abra. The new Law telleth us, indeed, we must be smitten, and suffer Persecution——But the Creature seemeth to be more prevailing in thee than thy Reason.

2 Wom. Come away, my Dear, he is Drunk, and knoweth not what he does.

Abra. Avaunt thou wicked Harlot, even these Garments shall witness against thee when the Day cometh, how thou didst lead me into a Den of Uncleanness, and hast defiled me, and perverted me from the right Way.

2 Wom. Nay, for that Matter, I strove all I could to keep you in the right Way, to my Sorrow; I doubt I am with Child.

Enter

40 A CITY RAMBLE: Or,

Enter Strip, and Monsieur.

Strip. I hope you will please to remember me for my trouble, Sir.

Mord. Vát ar' yóu ; vát is your Posté ?

Strip. I am the Jigg dubber, Sir.

Mord. Jigé—The Divilé Jigé you——
You danced all de moné out my Pocket—
Der's for you. [Gives him Money.]

Strip. Thank you, Master.



SCENE



SCENE V.

Enter Twang, and the two Gentlemen.

Twang. SO, every thing is ready I see, but his Worship, and he'll be this half Hour I suppose eating his Sugar-sops.—*Strip,* Let Sir *Humphry* know I am here, desire him to dispatch his Breakfast as soon as possible.

1 Gent. Are all these People Prisoners as we are?

Twang. All but the two Men who seem to be in private Conference with the Women in the Corner.—Pray mind 'em Sir.

2 Gent. Faith I can't see any Thing in them worth Observation, unless I had Occasion for a Sett of ugly Faces to furnish a certain Publick Conveniency, for the Benefit of those whose Circumstances won't permit them to consult a Physician.

E

Twang.

42 A CITY RAMBLE: Or,

Twang. There is something in 'em every one more remarkable than you are aware of, an exact Detail of their Lives, would make one of the largest Folio's in *Europe*, the History of the World would be Nothing to it.

2 *Gent.* Prithee give us a Sketch of the most material Circumstances that occur to your Memory, till we have the Honour of *Sir Humphry's* Presence.

Twang. The Account will be something of the longest ; Therefore if your Occasions call you aside, Gentlemen, I'll defer it, till the next time I have the Pleasure to see you here.

1 *Gent.* The Dog banters us.—*Aside.*—by no Means, Sir ; we have no Business to divert us, or if we had *Mr. Twang*, we would freely Sacrifice it, to have the Pleasure of so agreeable an Entertainment.

Twang. Sir, you perfectly overwhelm your humble Servant with Obligations.—Well then, to proceed to the Relation—Observe that tall, fower, down-looking Fellow, with his Knees knocking together, not through the Weight of his Body, but the Sins of his Youth ; and his Legs no bigger than a Broomstick.

2 *Gent.* I see the Skeleton.

Twang.

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Twang. He Sir, is the Oracle of the Gang. It would be Unjust to conceal the Meanness of his Original, which raises the Lustre of his Merit. From his Infancy he wore a Livery, till as I am inform'd for being a Rascal, he would have been strip'd, had he not run away with it, and taken shelter in this Metropolis; here he starv'd for some Years, till an honest Tradesman, more for Compassion than any Advantage he propos'd to himself, took him into his Service, made him his Journeyman, and in a little time committed the chief Management of his Affairs to his Care; and how d'ye think he requited him?

2 *Gent.* Perhaps he cheated him of four, or five Hundred Pounds, or run away with his Wife.

Twang. Worse Sir, a great deal worse—He turn'd his Master out of his House, rob'd him of all his Stock, and set up in the same Shop himself.

2 *Gent.* Unmerciful Dog!

Twang. Now pray turn your Eyes to that fair tawdry Wench in Blue, with a sickly smiling Countenance, and a fallow Complexion.

2 *Gent.* I observe her.

Twang. She, Sir, was born a Beggar, bred in Dirt; and pick'd her Education

44 A CITY RAMBLE : Or,

out of the same Element, by Chance and her Mother's Industry, who by the by, is a Baud of above Thirty Years standing, she procur'd a Basket, and a Crowns-worth of Credit to furnish it with *China*; Thus equip'd, with a flat Cap, a ragged Gown, and dirty Shoes, she trudg'd after her Sister from one Baudy-House to another, and serv'd in a double Capacity, either to cry her Ware, or hold the Door.

2 *Gent.* How got she into this Trim? at present she appears Genteel.

Twang. By the pleasantest Stratagem perhaps you ever heard. — You must know Sir, if she is of any, she is of the Church of *Rome*.

2 *Gent.* The best Religion in the World for her Business.

Twang. However under that Pretence, and that she was tired with the Lewdness of this wicked Age, she got extremely into the Favour of an old Jesuit then in Town, who willing to make use of the good Opportunity, press'd her extremely to turn Nun; promising to raise her a sufficient Sum, to settle her in any Part of *France* she should choose.

1 *Gent.* And extremely pleas'd too, no doubt, he had made so pretty a Convert.

Twang.

The Humours of the Compter. 45

Twang. Poor Girl, she was press'd with the weight of her Sins, and old Domine too near sighted to perceive that her Burthen was greater in the Flesh, than in Spirit.

2 *Gent.* Why, Did not she design for a Nunnery then?

Twang. No, no; She would not have been so conversant with Heaven but for the sake of Earthly Comfort, a Hundred young Fellows in this Kingdom can justify she has not an Ounce of Nuns Flesh about her; however Paint, Patches, and a religious Ogle or two; made it impossible for him to discover her Hypocrisie through the double disguise of Body and Soul; so she took the old Zealot in for Five hundred Pounds, staid in the Country till she was deliver'd of her Care; Then told her Acquaintance, that a recluse Life was her Aversion, she could not bear it, the very Aire of it had such an Effect upon her, that she should hardly recover the Flesh she lost there these Nine Months.

2 *Gent.* Prithee what's the other, who tho' her Face is daub'd like a Country Sign, the swarthy Reflexion of her Skin appears thro' the Covering.

Twang. Why Sir, she is of the Gypsie strain, and I have been told, still retains

46 A CITY RAMBLE: Or,

a very good Nack at Fortune-telling. About Thirteen she sufficiently prov'd herself Flesh and Blood, with a Boot-cleaner at the Horse Guards ; and not long after was pick'd up in Rags by the Side of *Rosamond's* Pond, and introduc'd into an honest Gentleman's Family, who had the Misfortune to breed up Servants to pick out his Eyes. Impudence she had en ough to stock all the Baudy-houses in *Drury Lane* ; but at that time, I believe, hardly knew what Pride meant, unless she could value herself upon going Naked ; but she was an apt Scholar, and like her Grannum *Eve* soon learnt to despise her Maker.

2 *Gent.* Prithee, how did she dispose of herself?

Twang. She set up for herself Sir, sometimes had a Shilling, and sometimes was a Month together without a Penny, she was once to my Knowledge strip'd of her last Peticoat by an unmerciful Drawer at the *Rose*.

1 *Gent.* What became of her then?

Twang. Then Sir, she got in with a Man of Quality, tip'd him the Favour, and broke again. How she was equip'd the Third time, would be but a Repetition of the former, now the Jade is worth Money, and looks above the World;
and

The Humours of the Compter. 47

and I dare say, kills more Men in a Year in this Town, than a whole Regiment of Dragoons did all the last War in *Flanders*.

2 *Gent.* And who is that Meagre Lanthorn-jaw'd Fellow whispering with her ?

Twang. The rest are civil well-bred Persons to him ; I have some Thoughts of Writing his History my self, under the Character of the *English* Rogue reviv'd : He, Sir, is her Pimp, or her Bully as occasion requires ; an ignorant Professor of the Mystery of a Playwright, but the most incorrigible Blockhead, that ever had the Vanity to Scribble.

2 *Gent.* Was he not bred a Scholar ?

Twang. No, Sir ; But tho' his Judgment was never polish'd by Education, yet what is equally happy for him, if good Sense consists in thinking himself Witty, he is possess'd of it in an eminent Degree.

1 *Gent.* I know the Fellow, and have heard him cry'd up for a perfect Wit.

Twang. A Man that Talks as much as he does, must now and then hit upon something that is Lucky ; but set all that he speaks, which is not so against it, and you will easily perceive, that one who keeps him Company purely
to

48 *A CITY RAMBLE: Or,*
to improve by his Wit, has as small a
Chance for Advantage, as he who put
Forty Shillings into the *Dutch Lottery*,
where he had so many Thousand odds
against him.

Servant Enters.] Make way there—
Make way, for his Worship.



SCENE



SCENE VI.

Enter Sir Humphry Halfwit, his Clerk, and other Attendants.

Twang. **P**RAY move this way, Gentlemen, show your selves to Sir *Humphry*.—These two Gentlemen, an't please your Worship—

Sir Humph. Hold, good Mr. *Twang*—a little Patience pray,—Let us proceed with Moderation—Justice is not to be hurried down, or run out of breath, Mr. *Twang*—So—Well, what are these Gentlemen?

1st Const. An't please you, Sir, They had a few Words last Night in the Street, and for fear of the worst, I committed them to the Compter; but at present every thing is Agreed, so they pray to be Discharg'd.

Sir Humph. Mr. Constable, you have acted well; Pray continue to exercise the Duty of your Office with such Diligence, as best suits the Authority you repre-

50 A CITY RAMBLE: Or,

represent—These are perillous Times—Mr. Constable, very perillous Times—I'll warrant you they were for cutting one another's Throats; but 'tis well, you say they are Agreed; Let them pay their Fees, and they are Discharg'd; Clerk, Take your Fees. Who else have you?

Twang. Draw near, pray Sir. (*To Just. Hardhead.*)

Just. Fees, quotha; Why you get the Devil and all at this rate. My Perquisites in the Country, indeed, are sufficient to provide for two Bastard Children pretty handsomly, and buy them new Cloaths too against *Christmas*; but I believe, yours Cloath your whole Family, and keep your Coach into the Bargain.

Sir Humph. What is this Man pray? He is Distracted sure.

2d Const. I took him up Last Night with this Woman, he was very much in Drink, an't please you; for when I ask'd him who she was, he told me, she was his Whore, and bid me, Light him to a Baudy-House.

Sir Humph. O sad! What a Degenerate, Profligate, Scandalous Age do we live in, that one who appears so much like a Gentleman, should act with such Indiscretion. What are you, Sir?

Just.

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Just. A Justice of Peace.

Sir Humph. A Justice of the Peace!
How came you then to be brought before me?

Just. Because I was Drunk, you hear, and wanted a Whore.—Those are sufficient Reasons with you, I suppose—
You old City Prigs, are very good at keeping Laws you cannot break.

Sir Humph. Are you a Magistrate and yet so wicked? If the Rulers are Guilty of so much Vice, what then must the People be?

Just. Why, you old Putt—Did not I help to make the Laws, and may not I break them again when I please?—
Heark you, Brother Justice, you don't know your Business; Learn to be Wicked, or you will lose your Reputation.

Sir Humph. Take him away and let him Sleep, he is still in Liquor, and grows Troublesome.—Woman for this time you are Discharg'd; Pay your Fees, and see my Face no more.—Mr. Constable, you have done well; you have my Thanks, and those of the City.—Who else have you?

1st Const. Pull off your Hat, Friend, before his Worship.

Abra. Thou mayest, but the Spirit forbiddeth me to pay obeisance to an earthly Power.

Enter

Enter Rachel, the Quaker's Wife.

Rach. Ah! *Abraham*, *Abraham*, what art thou become? wherefore art thou here? and what is this painted Wall of Iniquity that seemeth to approach thee?

1st Const. With your Worship's Leave, I took this Man, and this Woman, out of the most notorious House in Town; He was Drunk, and she was in a Posture that show'd very unseemly, an't like ye.

Rach. Friend——If it shall seem good unto thee to hear me speak, I shall I doubt not convince thee, that thy Servant is Abused; and that this is with an evil intent to cast a Reproach upon his good Name, which will become as a sweet smelling savour in the Nostrils of the Wicked.

Sir Humph. What would you say? speak Woman.

Rach. Our Friend here accuseth *Abraham* my Husband, that he hath defiled himself with this wicked Woman.

Sir Humph. He does so, and how can you prove the Contrary?

Rach. Friend, it seemeth to me for this Reason, and for none other to be a false Accusation——For that my Husband *Abraham*, thy Servant, is a weak Friend,
and

The Humours of the Compter. 53

and cannot as he ought, administer the Comforts of Wedlock even unto me his Wife.

Sir *Humph.* That should be some Reason, but in that he is Silent it implies Guilt; what has he to say for himself, why I should not proceed against him as the Law directs.

Rach. Why openest not thou thy Mouth, and speakest even as thou hast Utterance from the Spirit?

Abra. Be it with me, as it shall seem most meet unto thee.

Rach. True, indeed, I once surprized him trespassing with my Handmaid at the House Top; but I have since that found him wax cool exceedingly.

Twing. May it please your Worship, I dare say he is an old Offender, he was as Drunk last Night as a Lord, he sung, and roar'd, and was as wicked as the best of them.

Sir *Humph.* Friend, I expect Sureties for your good Behaviour—Clerk, prepare a *Mittimus*—Proceed we to the next, what are these?

2 *Const.* Sir, this Man is a *Jew*—He was very Drunk.—

Sir *Humph.* I don't doubt it, and very wicked too, if he is a *Jew*; Take him away, I'll hear no more, let him pay
F a Crown

54 A CITY RAMBLE: Or,

a Crown for being Drunk, I'll bind him over.—If the Woman has not Money to pay her Fees, let her be sent to the House of Correction.

Monf. I áve pay teén Shilling for be drundké already, and fix Shilling eight Pince, to you for no be bound over—and——

Twang. Come away, Sirrah ;——What does the Rascal prate to his Worship, take him away there—and bring up the rest ?

Sir Humph. So—These are all, are they ? What are you, Sir ?

I Wom. He is a Man, an't please ye.

Sir Humph. Silence, Woman.

Just. Silence quoth-a, what d'ye command Impossibilities——You are a pretty Fellow to be a Justice ; Put on your Spectacles, and observe 'tis a Woman you speak to ; VVhy don't you bid her run up three pair of Stairs, and jump out at the Window, and break her Neck ; that would be much more in her Power, and I dare say, altogether as suitable to her Inclinations.

Sir Humph.—What is your Name, Sir ?

I. Const. I took him, an't please you, out of a very ill House, at a very unseasonable Hour, in a very sad Condition.

Prim. I

The Humours of the Compter. 55

Prim. I am known to the Saints by the Name of *Ezekiel Prim.*—

Sir Humph. Good lack, so it is indeed, it is *Mr. Prim*, I profess; *Mr. Constable* you are Uncharitable to oppress a holy Man, it could not be; He was taken ill in the Street, and went in thither for some Refreshment; it must be so.

Prim. You say well, good *Sir Humphry Halfwit*, I was overtaken with a suddain Disorder; and went in to refresh the Spirit.

Sir Humph. I told you it must be so, *Mr. Constable*; Pray let the House where this good Man enter'd be respected henceforward, I will my self encourage it, and so shall you, *Mr. Constable*; their Civility to him shall not go unrewarded. You are Discharg'd, Sir; Take no Fees of him good *Mr. Twang*, I'll make you amends some other Time; I remit him mine too.—What are you Mistress?

I Wom. A running Stationer, an't please your Honour.

Sir Humph. What do you Deal in?

I Wom. I sell the What d'ye call it, Sir.

Sir Humph. What is that, pray? What Substance does it bear?

I Wom. It has no Substance, an't please you; but is rather the Shadow of one, and tho' it seems to be Something, in Fact is Nothing.

56 A CITY RAMBLE: Or,

Sir Humph. So you sell Nothing? ha!

I Wom. No, Sir, it is Something, tho' I don't know well how to describe it; 'Tis a sad, merry, dull Story of I don't know what, Sir.

Sir Humph. 'Tis very strange, Woman, you should not know what you sell.

I Wom. Indeed, *Sir Humphry*, I don't; And if your Worship could read, you would be never the wiser; 'tis a very odd Composition, like every Thing, and yet like Nothing, an't like your Worship.

Sir Humph. Why were you out so Late? Do you sell your Ware in the Night?

I. Wom. I waited for Intelligence, an't like you,—If your Worship wou'd be pleas'd to hang your Self, or cut your Throat, I should have at least Half a Crown for Intelligence; nay, I have had a Crown before now, for one that has been thought less worthy than your Honour.

Sir Humph. Let her pay her Fees, and she is Discharg'd.—You have no more Prisoners, I think.——*Mr. Constable*, your Servant, persist in well-doing, and pursue your Duty with Cheerfulness and Attention.

[Exit.]

Twang.

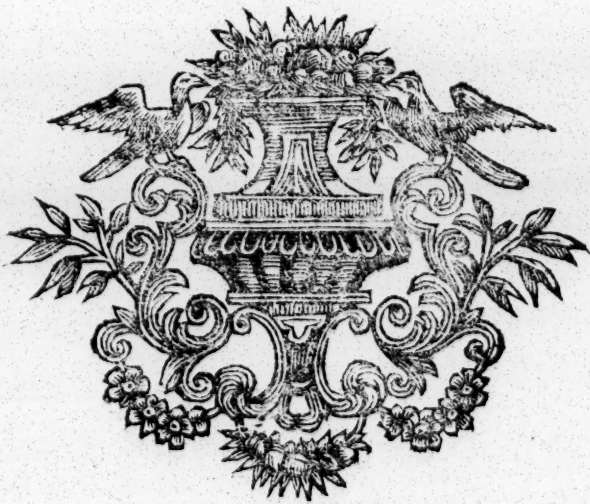
The Humours of the Compter. 57

Twang. Strip, and the rest of you, Guard
the Prisoners home ; I'll take one Glass
with these Gentlemen, and be with you
immediately.

EPILOGUE.

*Experience, I dare say, has Taught some here,
To know me in this rough drawn Character;
If any doubt, let them for once get Drunk,
Insult the Watch, or Pick up Scrolling Punk ;
'Tis Odds then but the Original they view,
And find the Humors of the Compter true.*

FINIS.



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